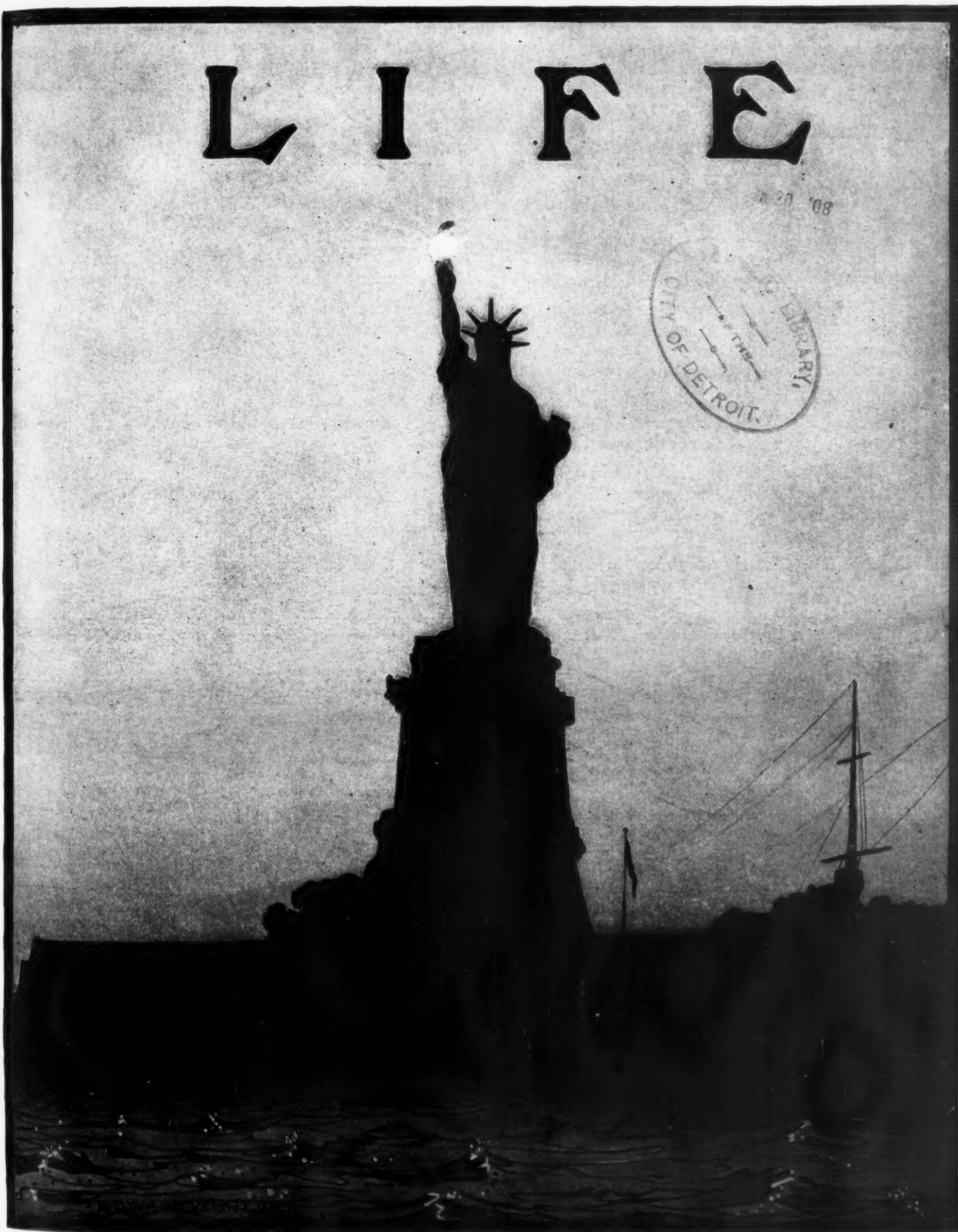


# L I F E

JAN 20 '08



# PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

## BULLETIN

### WINTER TRIPS AFAR AND NEAR

Have you ever visited Florida, the Summer Garden of the Northern Winter? Or New Orleans during the Mardi Gras season? Do you know Washington, the National Capital?

The Personally Conducted Tours of the Pennsylvania Railroad present excellent opportunities for visiting these places in a most satisfactory manner, and at a minimum expense of both time and money.

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Full details of these attractive outings may be obtained of C. STUDDS, E. P. A., 263 Fifth Avenue, New York City, or GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.

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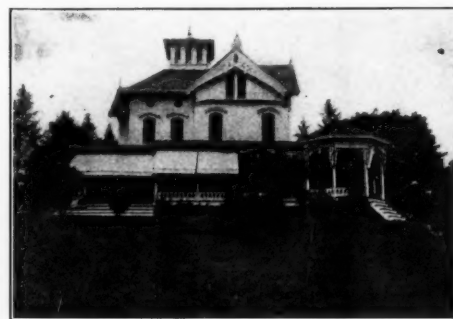
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# LIFE



*Young Doctor's Wife:* MR. HASCOYNE HAS JUST TELEPHONED THAT HIS WIFE IS ILL, AND YOU'RE TO GO AT ONCE. OH! I DO HOPE IT'S SOMETHING SERIOUS.

## Not Yet, Not Yet

**H**ARD blows and roastings Chauncey gets,  
For to his faults we are not kind.  
He keeps a smiling face, and yet  
We know that he <sup>is</sup> <sub>has</sub> not resigned.

"**H**OW we have changed since the old days?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, to-day it isn't half so blessed to give as it is to be a receiver."

**E**VERY J. J. Hill has a vale.

## The World Is with Us

**B**EING twenty-five years old this week **LIFE** celebrates its birthday by dropping into reminiscences of its early struggle for existence. Fortunately it survived, got its teeth safely and grew into lusty youth that has done valiant service in puncturing frauds and shams. **LIFE** deserves thanks for overcoming the difficulties to which it was born, because it has continued to make things pleasanter for its acquaintances. A brilliant past entitles it to a prosperous future. Long life to **LIFE**. May it live to a green old age and continue to merit the affection of its readers.—*New York World*.

## No Uncertainty

**B**RIGGS: I hear you've been speculating in Wall Street.

**GRIGGS:** There was no speculating about it. I was a dead sure thing from the start.

Our mission of peace and good-will.—*Admiral Evans's notion of it.*

**O**F COURSE, the only peace and good-will worth having are those you are able to acquire.







"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LI. JANUARY 23, 1908 No. 1317

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17 West Thirty-first Street, New York



EVERYBODY seemed to have the same feeling about the President's rebuke of Admiral Brownson for resigning his job as Chief of the Bureau of Navigation. The feeling was: "Too bad, but it doesn't matter. It won't hurt Brownson." The President is still respected; very much so: but his reprimands are not. There have been so many of them and they have been so vehement, that his words of reprehension have lost their force. "There is no room for difference of opinion," wrote the President, "as to the gross impropriety of the Admiral's conduct in resigning sooner than carry out the orders of his superior officer in such a matter." On the contrary, there is all the room in the world, and most of it seems to be taken up by persons of the mind contrary to Mr. Roosevelt's. The Admiral did not resign in a fit of spleen, nor, apparently, on personal grounds at all, but seems to have taken that means—the only means feasible—to record his protest against an order which he was deeply convinced out of long experience was injurious to the service. Under the circumstances, he seems to have been fully entitled to choose whether to sign the order or resign, and when he elected to resign, it seems to us that he deserved quite as much to be credited with solicitude for the good of the service as though he had swallowed his convictions and done what the President ordered.

To our lay mind the President's order seems to have been right. Landsmen

generally lean to the opinion that the man to put in command of a hospital is a doctor, with a sailing-master to navigate his hospital for him when it happens to be afloat. But to the nautical mind it is evidently abhorrent that a ship should be commanded by anybody but a navigator, and the fact that a ship is a floating hospital weighs for nothing against the traditions of centuries. When you say, Shall not a doctor be boss of his own hospital?—seamanship comes back at you with, Shall not a ship's captain be master of his own ship? Both positions are strong, just as were the claims of Eyes and Nose to ownership of the spectacles. Perhaps Congress will settle the age-long dispute by ruling that doctors shall command hospital-ships, but that on no account shall such ships ever weigh anchor.



IT WAS just a little agitating the other day to read in the paper that Ambassador O'Brien was said to have demanded from Japan an agreement in writing restricting the emigration of Japanese to the United States, and that Japan was immovably coy about putting her name to anything on the subject. Folks who had not been aware before that one of the O'Briens was now serving as our chief diplomatic representative in Japan began to enquire which O'Brien he was, and how soft-spoken, and whether an auburn blond or, happily, a brunette, and with conciliatory manners. We cannot yet answer all these questions, which continue to be interesting, but Mr. Ambassador O'Brien was born in Michigan sixty-six years ago, and lives in Grand Rapids, and has been Minister to Denmark, and is doubtless a polite and considerate gentleman who would not ask Japan to put her hand or name to anything that was injurious to her honorable feelings. At any rate, the next thing the papers said was that Washington denied the truth of the Tokio despatch, and averred that no such demand had been made or need be made.

Let this passing incident remind us that for a long time to come we ought not to believe anything we hear from Tokio, or elsewhere, that suggests any rupture of relations between Japan and the United States. That we shall get at short intervals for many months to come

rumors of one or another fuss between Washington and Tokio is extremely probable, but it is even more probable that the rumors won't be so. All the world just now is bent on saving money. All the nations are hard up and solicitous to accumulate enough fresh capital to relieve the straits of business. Japan has had all the fighting that is good for her, or will be good for her for years to come. She does not want to fight us, nor we to fight her, and there is every prospect that the delicate immigration question and all other questions between her and us will be worked out patiently and settled without a cross word.



THE World is doing a good work introducing to the country some Democrats who are fit to be the Presidential candidates of their party. Two in particular have been presented at the time of this writing—Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, and President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton. These are men worth talking about; real Democrats; men of character, of stable minds and of definite political opinions, fit to compete for votes against such men as Judge Taft or Governor Hughes. No reactionary has a chance of election in either party, but we may reasonably hope to see government go on under the administration that succeeds Mr. Roosevelt's with somewhat less excitement and disturbance than has lately characterized the conduct of our national affairs. The Republicans are sure to have a candidate who will inspire confidence. It will be a very great advantage if the Democrats also can put up some one whom responsible and conservative voters will dare to vote for. Such a candidate—a man fit to win votes as well as to deserve them—on a platform in which tariff-revision was a leading plank, would be a great benefit to the country. For Bryan to capture the Democratic nomination again would be lamentable, but if he is not to capture it, the opposition to him must unite promptly on some one else—a real Democrat, a wise man, a candidate, not of a group of capitalists, but of the people. Party government is not at its best when there is but one party that is fit to be trusted. There should be two, and there will be two if the Democrats put up a fit man.





THE IMPROVED NAVY

"ONE OF YOUR SHIPS, ADMIRAL, WILL HENCEFORTH BE COMMANDED BY MY PERSONAL FRIEND HERE, THE DOCTOR"

## The Event



AT FIVE o'clock in the morning the Japanese fleet was two points on the starboard bow.

In accordance with an order issued by the President, all of our battleships had been given more appropriate titles than those of the common States, some of which are filled with rank socialists, unbelievers and nature fakers, and ought never to have anything

named after them.

Rear Admiral Rickytick, M.D., having been hastily called by the trained nurse in charge during his absence, hurried to the quarterdeck of his good flagship *Appendicitis* and gave the order to clear for action.

"Notify all the war correspondents," he exclaimed, "giving them to time to dress, of course, and throw overboard whatever available material there may be, in order, if possible, to bring the armor belt within hail of the waterline. Give everybody an extra supply of towels, and inform all the line officers and commanders that if necessary they may be called upon. Also sterilize the dog watch, call all hands aft to pasteurize the main-brace, remove the cook's tonsils, take the boatswain's temperature and nail it to the masthead and put a gauze health-band on the headwaiter. Nothing must happen to him, anyway."

At this moment the battleship *Soapsuds*, commanded by Rear Laundryman Ringer, wigwagged:

"My dear Admiral, I can't go into action to-day. You seem to forget this is wash-day."

Admiral Probe, mortified by his own omission and determined not to show any chagrin, replied pleasantly:

"Certainly not. You are excused for the day. And please remember not to put so much starch in our shirts. The *Herald* correspondent says he has been thoroughly uncomfortable since you took command. Remember, we must please the press."

Next to hear from was Captain Puller (D.D.S.), of the battleship *Forceps*:

"Can't possibly meet your wishes," he signalled. "My dentists have made appointments all through the day, and there's no telling when we'll have another such fine day as this. You might better lose a battleship or so than to have us charge for our time."

Admiral Rickytick, concealing once again his chagrin, but compelled, of course, by professional etiquette to yield gracefully, replied:

"Very well, doctor. Lower your chairs below the far rail and drop out. In case your supply of amalgam fillings runs out, send a wireless to Commissary Department, Washington."

Regrets were also sent in by the following:

From the *Haberdasher*, commanded by Captain Ascot:

"Nothing doing to-day, on account of important sale of underwear."

From the *Tonsorial*, Captain Hone:

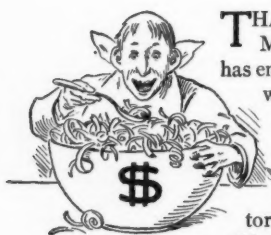
"*Tribune* correspondent says he has been standing in line for a week waiting to be shaved. Wouldn't do to offend powerful Administration organ. Count us out."

From the *Mortal Mind*, Captain Claim:

"This is the day set aside to read Mother's hymns. We'll

## Our Beacon Lights

By Agnes Repplier



THAT vivacious critic, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, has entered a protest against what he calls the "Literature of Success," against the books and magazine articles and newspaper editorials which, with admirable gravity, advise their readers how to grasp fame and fortune—particularly fortune. An essay written in a most reverent spirit on "The Instinct That Makes People Rich," leads him to ask whether this same instinct can be trusted to guide our footsteps "unerringly upward," which is the essayist's point of view, or whether it may not rather be confounded with a passion which "theological Christianity crudely defines as the sin of avarice," and which has a prohibitory commandment of its own. The hagiologists of wealth now assume the same tone with which the hagiologists of the Church used to encourage us to imitate the example of the Saints. "We cannot," writes a devout worshipper of Mr. Vanderbilt, "all follow in the lead of this great railway monarch; but, in our own sphere, and in our own circumstances, we can pursue his general methods; we can seize those opportuni-

ties that are offered us and give ourselves a very fair chance of obtaining riches."

Perhaps this sort of thing is not quite so new as Mr. Chesterton thinks. It has been seventeen years since an astute clergyman preached a sermon on "Some Lessons from the Life of George W. Childs" (who in those simple days, and in his quiet town, was esteemed a man of

wealth), bidding the congregation give heed to this example sent by Heaven for their guidance—"a crown of glory upon the brow of Philadelphia." In seventeen years even Philadelphia has traveled far along the sacred road of Mammon, and there, as elsewhere, the "Literature of Success" strikes the dominant educational note of the new century. Whole volumes of imaginary letters are written to instruct young men in the secrets of money-making. Articles on "Giants of Finance," or "The Colossus of the Banking System," arouse their noblest enthusiasm. Mr. Gustavus Myers's "History of the Great American Fortunes" falls into line with the histories of the great English poets, and of the great Italian painters. Even the advertisers of breakfast foods and of breakfast drinks promise success in business to the eaters and drinkers of their commodities. Even the publishers of dictionaries and encyclopædias predict fair visions of wealth for all who slake their thirst for information. There is no other way to attract the attention and command the respect of a public which knows exactly what it covets—a public which, to use the old-fashioned language of Sir Walter Scott, "worships the devil for possession of his burning throne."



give you absent treatment."

From the *Delicatessen*, Captain Macaroni:

"We bake to-day."

By this time the Japanese fleet was within easy piercing distance, and coming on under full speed.

Some admirals would have been disconcerted, but not so Admiral Rickytick, who had been especially appointed by the President for his delightful presence and manners, and because of his skill as a horseback rider.

Running up a flag of truce, he signalled:

"My dear sir, sorry to disappoint you, but Japanese courtesy is world wide, and so many of the President's friends are indisposed to-day that I thought possibly you might be willing to wait until they can get together, and our press is duly notified."

To which the Japanese admiral replied, with charming complaisance:

"No hurry at all, my dear admiral. Let me know when you're ready. I'll try to fill in the time by planting a few torpedoes, furnished by our Home Agricultural Department, under your bottoms. Kindly let me know when you want me to press the button."

Thus the Administration was vindicated.

## Vivisection

FROM the London *Zoophilist* we take the following:

By DR. PH. MARECHAL

Translated from "*Le Medecin*."

The medical fraternity is at bay. From the depths of the scientific dens, where its members have sought refuge, they hear the halloo of their pursuers.

The misfortune is that actually the prevailing feeling of families in regard to doctors is one of repulsion. He is not the paramount friendly adviser of yore. People ask his advice *in extremis* for form's sake, but he is mistrusted; his prescriptions are criticized, his advice discussed, and, plainly speaking, let it be said that patients are afraid of him. Formerly a doctor was sometimes the subject of ridicule, but nowadays there is a tendency to view him as a sinister and hateful individual. When in contact with him people fancy they inhale the tainted air which his clothes had absorbed in the physiological laboratories, through whose half-opened doors the public has peeped with terror.

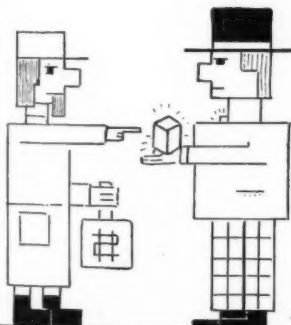
Now, if LIFE had said that. But perish the thought!

WHAT would Cleopatra have done with Anthony Comstock?



NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVES THE FARE

### À la Mode



FASHION has universal validity, to be sure, but after all there is the individual taste to be reckoned with sooner or later. In the first fervor of a new style, all hats, for instance, look alike, but in no long time you will observe the individual taste emerging more and more confidently, until at length the vogue exhibits, along with its fundamental similarities, very considerable varieties.

It is quite especially so with the square deal.

When the square deal first came out, it was, if you recall, severely square, but the new shapes for the spring trade display marked departures from this original uniformity. A rakish rhomboidal is going to be much the rage in certain circles, unless all signs are misleading, while a nifty little parallelogram, that is to say, a deal which isn't as broad as it is long, seems likely to find a popularity not less than general.

Ramsey Benson.

### Bound Together

"I UNDERSTAND that Carnegie gets five hundred begging letters a day."

"Well, that only goes to show how the tariff on steel rails increases the post-office receipts."

### The Horrid Thing

THERE was a man from the Bahamas,  
Who went out to walk in pajamas.  
The folks all took fright  
At the unwonted sight,  
Especially the girls and their mamas.

### Words of Wisdom

LIFE has lived twenty-five years because LIFE is worth living; and it celebrates its twenty-fifth birthday by issuing an anniversary number.

LIFE is the most characteristic and representative American journal of its kind published on American soil. It is always interesting, never dull; its wit is clean cut, its humor generous and anti-septic; its satire keen and polished; it has waged unceasing war with pen and pencil against greed and cruelty, injustice and pretense, vulgarity and humbug, dishonesty and indecency; the pharisee, the charlatan, the self-seeker, the pretender, the "four-flusher" has the time of his life when he comes into collision with LIFE; the amusing little gentleman who is half cupid and half paladin never hesitates to greet them lance in hand, for he goes to battle with the grace of a Gascon and the joy of a Kelt.—*Boston Traveler*.

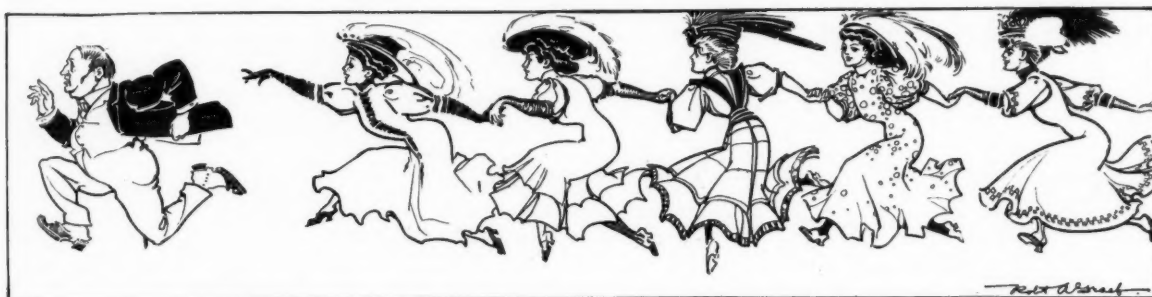
"HOW soon will it be safe for us to take baby out in the motor car?" asked Mrs. Newlywed.

"Just as soon as he can walk," said the famous M.D., thoughtfully.



*Take this Pill, said M.D., I conjure you;  
If you don't, only Bleeding will cure you.  
Then I shan't need the Pill,  
Said the Patient; Your BILL  
Will be Bleeding Enough, I assure you.*





RUNNING DESIGN—SUGGESTION FOR A FRIEZE FOR A BACHELOR'S ROOM DURING LEAP-YEAR

*Best Sellers Boiled Down*

## THE SKUTTLE

By Frances H-d-sn B-n-t

## Chapter I

THE Skuttle goes back and forth intermittently between the two countries, carrying coals to Newcastle maybe, and maybe not. Sometimes it is full, sometimes it is empty. It is a wonderful Skuttle and throws coal dust in the eyes of many a marriageable daughter. Aha!

## Chapter II

Now Reuben S. Vanderspool was a millionaire à la multi. The grandson of the only and original American grafter, he belonged to one of the first families and was highly esteemed by Newport and Wall Street. He had a private bath in the Worldorf, owned his own newspaper and was looked up to as a great financial swell.

"Rosy," he said to his eldest daughter one day, "Sir Hikel Ansmothers, of Ansmothers Court, Worcestersauceville, has borrowed enough money to come over on the *Loosemania*. He will be here in a few more minutes. Get busy."

## Chapter III

Betty, Rosy's sister, although only nine years old, was a wonderful che-ild. When she saw Sir Hikel keeping unsteady company with her sister, her proud multimillionaire's soul revolted. "Just because," she muttered, "this man does not wear a white kid overcoat and hold a cigar butt next to the diamond ring on his right hand as he walks on the stage, is no sign that he is not a polished villain. They do things differently in real swell life. I am too young to marry him myself. Therefore I hate him. Wait! My time will come."

## Chapter IV

"Is this Ansmothers Court?" asked Rosy, timidly, a month or so later, as they alighted from the property hack in front of the ancestral remains in Worcestersauceville.

"Yes, damn you!" lightly replied Sir Hikel, kicking her gently in the face. "Do not forget," he added, "that, fee fi fo fum, I am an Englishman."

Then he leveled her playfully to the ground.

## Chapter V

Twelve frightful years passed, fraught with hellish misery for Rosy, during which time she steadily lost weight. Although

she had sent several souvenir postal cards to her family revealing far better than words the true condition of Ansmothers Court, Sir Hikel merely added them to his collection.

Shut up in her lonely castle, where she did not have any more to eat than if she had been in a New York sanitarium, and where she slowly froze each winter before the only fireplace, Rosy grew pale and anæmically wan. Her parents were too proud to come without a special invite. As for Sir Hikel, he was busy with her money establishing a belt line of harems across the Continent. But Betty had not forgotten. She was, to be correct, still on the job.

## Chapter VI

Besides visiting Chicago and Europe, Betty had been to a Hudson River girls' school. She was, therefore, familiar with the ways of the world.

"Father," she said one day to Reuben S. Vanderspool, "something tells me all is not well with Rosy. I have spent enough seasons in Newport to know what married life may be."

"That's just like you," exclaimed Reuben S. Vanderspool. "Always thinking of some charitable thing to do. Now, if you had been a boy I would have given you a trust to organize. There is no reason, therefore, why I shouldn't let you be the leader of an exploring expedition after Rosy. Only don't fall in the fireplace. You might freeze to death."

Putting a couple of millions in loose change in her purse, Betty engaged passage on the *Loosemania*.

## Chapter VII

Naturally she attracted the attention of everybody on the steamer, including the head waiter, the purser, and Lord Mount Saint Buncum, who for reasons purely personal, was traveling second class. This gentleman was returning home after six months spent on the outskirts of Colorado, where he was learning the trade of nature faker, when the slump came in Wall Street and ruined his future.

The end of our story now looms up ahead like an iceberg on the starboard bow. But have patience, gentle reader! There are only nine hundred pages more of interesting detail.

Lord Mount Saint Buncum wanted to speak to Betty. He saw that she was a paying claim. And yet his proud soul, kept under for years by the thought of his ancestors, revolted at anything but the thought of love.

He could not speak to her, however, being only a second-hand exhibit, without a timely accident—which now happened.

The *Loosemania* ran into a London fog. The shock was so



OLD POINT COMFORT

WHAT'S THE USE OF SENDING MEN WAY OFF TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN WHEN THEY ARE NEEDED SO MUCH HERE?

great that Betty was obliged to exercise her authority. At this moment Mount Saint Buncum appeared on the scene.

"Have no fear," he exclaimed. "If we had slipped into it gradually, as the steamers used to, we wouldn't have noticed it. But the record-breaking *Loosemania* struck it head on."

"Who are you?" asked Betty, smoothing down his red head carelessly with her Harrison Fisher hand.

"Only a poor lone second cabinier."

At this moment the purser appeared.

"That will be an additional five pun' for extra passage money," he exclaimed.

"It's worth it to speak to such a nubleman in disguise," said Betty, handing it over.

#### Chapter VIII

"Can this be you, Rosy?" said Betty, bending down four or five feet.

"Not the same," said Rosy, feebly.

"Ah, so I thought. And so this is Sir Hikel's work. You have, I presume, signed over everything to him."

"Certainly."

Betty rose.

"First," she said, "I must see your solicitors, and then"—She rapidly looked around her, at the walls, out into the garden, over the ancestral moth-eaten lawn.

"I must subscribe at once," she muttered, bravely, "to *The House Beautiful*, *The Tint Delightful*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Craftsmaniac*, *The Garden Green*, *The Rug Record*, *The Door Mat* and *How to Know the Grass Blades*. There is no time to lose."

"What do you propose to do?" asked Rosy, fearfully, clasping her only son.

"I propose," said Betty, smilingly, "to paralyze Sir Hikel by my munificence."

#### Chapter IX

"Hully gee!"

Likewise "Little Willie," "Right Next," "Pie-faced Mut," "Right There with the Goods," "Peach," and so on through the whole American slang vocabulary.

These words are dramatically uttered by a typewriting expert, who has nothing to do with the story, but is introduced to give a contrast to the author's superior diction.

#### Chapter X

The next week Sir Hikel returned.

As he walked through the newly repaired village his heart misgave him.

Entering Ansmothers Court, his worst fears were confirmed. He saw his wife in the distance with a smile on her face—something that never had happened before.

Betty stood before him.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"It means," said Betty, "that I am going over the place and fixing it up. The plumbers, painters and carpenters have only just begun. Having agreed to be through in four weeks, they will probably occupy the castle for years to come."

Sir Hikel turned deathly pale.

"Anything more?" he asked, hoarsely.

"It means that I am going to marry your neighbor, Mount Saint Buncum, and I shall expect you to come over and play bridge with us twice a week. It means that your wife has subscribed for all the latest housebuilding and decorating magazines and will read aloud their suggestions to you during the long winter evenings. If you complain"—

"Anything else?" asked Sir Hikel, desperately.

"Yes. It means that all of your American relatives have landed and will spend Christmas with you."

Sir Hikel sank back.

"Enough," he whispered. "It is all over. You have your revenge. At last I am paralyzed."



CAPITAL AND LABOR



THE ASTONISHING BLINDNESS, AT THE EVEN OF







### Criticism of Vaudeville in Duplicate



MR. PERCY MACKAYE, the author of the poetic dramas, "Jeanne d'Arc" and "Sapho and Phaon," has been attacking vaudeville in a recent lecture. He voices some valuable truths, but, unfortunately, frames them in language not likely to be understood by those most in need of his instruction. LIFE takes the liberty of submitting the original text and a translation or "pony" for the benefit of those who are better versed in the language of the vaudeville stage and the yellow journal comic supplement than in the kind of English employed by Mr. Mackaye. Persons of reasonable education and culture may be able to dig out Mr. Mackaye's meaning somewhere between these two extremes.

He found in vaudeville four vitiating elements:

First—Its intermittent appeal, whereby the variety show is destructive of all sustained concentration on the part of its audience, numbing its sense of logical coherence, aesthetic unity and the constructive harmonies of dramatic action.

Secondly—Its necessary appeal to average taste and minimum critical faculty. The policy of vaudeville becomes the progressive cultivation in the public of average or bad taste and the gradual paralysis of the people's critical faculty.

Third—Its pseudo-morality; with knowing regard for the prejudices of conventional ethics, the wares of its variety are advertised as alike innocent for sucklings and sinners; whereas, in actual performance, the equivocal hint and the nameless innuendo, by consciously avoiding a legal indecency, are doubly corrupt by their hypocrisy.

Fourth—Its dementedness. The unmeaning haste, the exaggerated feat of skill, the baseless mirth, the overtaxed fatigue, are evidences not of spontaneous and wholesome revelry, but of neurasthenia.

All these vitiating elements of vaudeville are, of course, glossed and in part atoned by frequent exhibits of sound powers, flashes of consummate wit, splendid inventions of science, brief revelations of genius, yet as a substitute for a native drama of democracy its results are perilous to our generation. For its results are these: That it substitutes forgetfulness of civic life for consciousness of civic life; individual entertainment for communal self-expression; sensuous callousness for sensuous enkindlement, and popular "monkey tricks" for the supreme fine art of humanity.

In face of its obscurity, Mr. Mackaye's message is an important one and deserves consideration from students of the times who should note our vaudeville madness.

Because it jumps from one act to another it gets you dozey and your thinker gets so it can't enjoy or keep on the job when the show is one play.

The variety folks think we are all a lot of cheap skates and don't give us anything but cheap stuff. Pretty soon we get so we don't know anything else and don't want anything else.

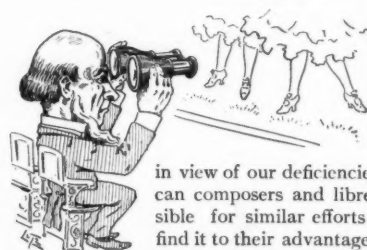
The variety shows say they're decent, so decent folks will pay to see them and the police won't raid them. But it's a con game and dangerous to guys that ain't wise to it.

The variety shows are so dotty themselves that they put folks who go to see them on the blink. So many of the acts are bug-house that folks who see them all the time get bug-house too.

They have first-class acts sometimes to stand off the bum ones, but if you get stuck on variety shows you get so you don't care who's running for alderman; you'd rather go to a show than a dance, and you'd rather see two guys on the stage spar four rounds than mix it up yourself. After awhile you get so you'd rather see a bum variety show than a real play with real actors.



FIND THE FACE ON THE WALL



LAST week LIFE, in speaking of the gracefulness and delicacy of the English musical comedy, "Miss Hook of Holland," suggested that in view of our deficiencies some of our American composers and librettists who are responsible for similar efforts in this country might find it to their advantage to study the methods and results of the Englishmen as shown by the

piece at the Criterion.

Immediately after this suggestion, and as though to emphasize its wisdom, comes the production of "Funabashi" at the Casino. Here we have the same old thing done in the same old way, with no originality in score, setting, plot or lines. If "Funabashi" were the first of its kind it would be found highly attractive, but it is built on the same model as hundreds of others that have gone before it and of which the discriminating element in the public has grown heartily tired. The scene is laid in Japan, which country has been exploited and rummaged to its uttermost corners by comic opera librettists beginning with Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who set a pace in "The Mikado" that none of his successors and imitators has ever been able to follow. The music, one number of which is very much the same as the famous "Mio

Sama," which Sullivan himself arranged from the Japanese, is not altogether bad, but is absolutely unoriginal. The book is also built on well-worn lines, with nothing novel to redeem it. In the cast the best work done is by Maude Fulton and even she is beginning to substitute a self-confident pertness for the piquant freshness of her earlier appearances. Among the others, Mr. William Rock is miscast as the leading comedian and the abilities of Alice Fischer and Mr. Joseph Miron are wasted on parts which give them nothing to do. Ten very statuesque "show girls" have been selected and gowned with admirable taste and the settings are elaborate. One of them, with an exaggerated Fuji in the background, is especially effective.

Judging by "Funabashi" and "Miss Hook," we still have to take off our hats to the Englishmen as librettists and composers of musical comedy.



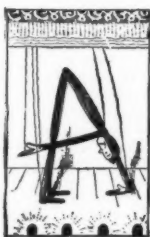
THE new feature at the Hippodrome is in two acts, or, to be more exact, in two scenes, representing episodes in the siege of Port Arthur. Not having been present during that important military undertaking, it is impossible to pass on the accuracy of the representation. It is impressive, though, in the number of persons engaged as Russians and Japanese, in the scenic effect possible only on the Hippodrome's big stage, and, especially, in the din of warfare produced by a liberal use of blank cartridges and rapid-fire guns. This spectacle replaces the first act of "The Auto Cup," and is certainly an improvement on that not very attractive feature. The ballets and gorgeous spectacular effects of that piece are retained in the programme.

THE aproposity of several of its lines to the case of a recently notorious book gave especial interest to "The Literary Sense," the curtain-raiser from the German of Arthur Schnitzler, which precedes "The Reckoning" at the Madison Square. Although the author of what is a clever but badly acted little piece could not possibly have had knowledge of our latest literary calamity, some of his fun at the expense of

his heroine's *risqué* book seemed to the audience to be particularly local and contemporaneous in its application.

Katherine Grey repeats her interesting performance of *Christine* in "The Reckoning," but the changes in the cast do not increase the effectiveness of that study of life as it is lived in wicked Vienna.

\* \* \*

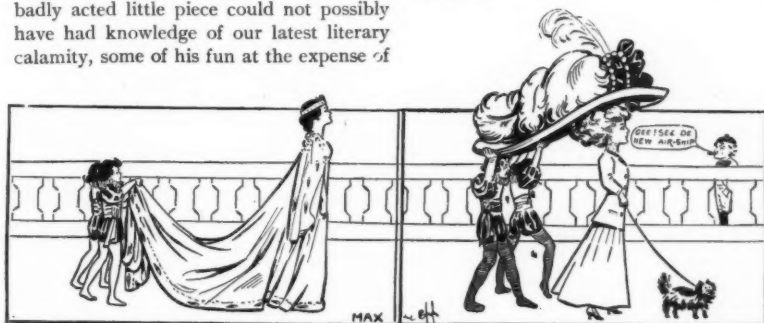


ARTHUR WING PINERO, ESQ., speaks of dramatic criticism with the usual arrogant and overbearing modesty that characterizes a certain type of Briton when he starts out to set the world right. Mr. Pinero is reported as saying that no one is competent to criticize his plays who cannot write plays equally good and that any one so competent is already too busy writing plays to be writing criticisms. This utterance of Mr. Pinero naturally abolishes dramatic criticism the world over, and followed to its logical conclusion would abolish all other criticism.

No one must say that the bread is heavy unless he can make good bread himself, and in that case he would be baking bread instead of eating it. No one must criticize the fit of a coat unless he can make a coat, and in that event he would be sitting in his shirt-sleeves, cross-legged, making coats instead of wearing one. No member of that great critical body, the public, must find fault with the plays he witnesses unless he can write plays himself, and if he could he would be writing plays instead of paying to see those written by Mr. Pinero and others.

If memory serves, some of Mr. Pinero's plays would never have been staged had he been as good a critic as he is a playwright.

Mr. Pinero reduces himself to an absurdity because he is not making a criticism of critics as true or able as they have made of his works and, therefore, he should not criticise.

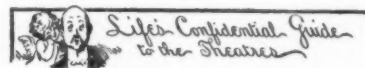


THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY QUEEN AND THE TWENTIETH CENTURY QUEEN

This sensitiveness of Mr. Pinero, coming as it does at an advanced stage of his successful career, is difficult to be understood. But the sensitiveness of the artist and the writer is always a mystery to the honest critic. Why should persons expose their wares publicly for sale if they do not expect those wares to be examined by prospective purchasers? Critics are only expert or experienced examiners who test the goods and make public their opinions of them. They are the advance scouts who go out to secure information for the great army of theatre-goers, and their function is almost as important to play producers as to the public they represent. Of course, critics point out faults, but they also quickly point out virtues which the public left to itself might be slow to discover.

If the opinion attributed to Mr. Pinero were not absurd on the face of it, it would find further refutation in his own career as an actor. He is said to have been one of the very worst actors that ever set foot on the English stage, but those familiar with his staging of plays aver that as a critic and trainer of actors he has few, if any, superiors. Mr. Pinero should leave the criticizing of critics to Mr. Arthur Boucher and the Theatrical Trust.

Metcalfe.



*Academy of Music*—Last week of Mr. Belasco's "The Rose of the Rancho." The original excellent cast in delightfully staged drama of the early days of California.

*Astor*—Viola Allen in "Irene Wycherley." Notice later.

*Belasco*—"The Warrens of Virginia." Mr. De-Mille's agreeable drama of the Civil War. Charming presented and well acted.

*Bijou*—Mme. Nazimova in "The Comet." An unpleasant play unpleasantly acted.

*Casino*—"Funabashi." See opposite.

*Criterion*—"Miss Hook of Holland." Charming comic opera from London well done by largely American company.

*Daly's*—"Society and the Bulldog." Notice later.

*Empire*—Maude Adams in "The Jesters." Notice later.

*Hackett*—Mr. Augustus Thomas's "The Witching Hour." The most interesting play of the season admirably acted by Mr. John Mason, Mr. Russ Whytal and competent company.

*Herald Square*—"The Girl Behind the Counter." Frothy musical comedy with Mr. Lew Fields and large company. Diverting.

*Hippodrome*—Ballet, spectacle and the new military attraction, "Battle of Port Arthur." See opposite.

*Keith and Proctor's Theatres*—Innocuous vaudeville.

*Lincoln Square*—Edna May Spooner in the old Belasco success, "The Heart of Maryland."

*Lyric*—Mrs. Fiske in Ibsen's "Rosmersholm." Interesting and very well acted throughout.

*Madison Square*—Katherine Grey in "The Reckoning" and "The Literary Sense." See opposite.

*Majestic*—"The Top o' th' World." Music and elementary fun. Good of its kind.

*Manhattan Opera House*—Grand Opera under the direction of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein.

*Stuyvesant*—Mr. David Warfield and well-chosen cast in "A Grand Army Man." A familiar aspect of American rural life faithfully depicted.

*Weber's Music Hall*—Burlesque of "The Merry Widow," with many of the old Weber favorites in the cast. Amusing and agreeable to those who have not tired of the music.

*West End*—Dramatic attractions with weekly change of bill.



## Who Was Wagner?

By Rupert Hughes



N ALMOST forgotten opera entitled "Tristram and Yseult," by a once very popular composer, R. Wagner, has been revived at the Metropolitan Opera House as an introduction for the latest of our importations in the conductor line, Herr Mahler, of Vienna, where the "Merry Widows" came from.

There are some of us oldest inhabitants still doddering superfluous in the audience who faintly remember a time when this man Wagner—or was it Vachner—was so popular that he was called the J. Pierpont Morgan of music, and some people, notably Mr. H. Theophilus Finck, of the then popular *Evening Post*, were convinced that Wagner was the only composer who ever had composed or ever would compose. I still remember how he composed even me with his sacrilegious cantata entitled "Percival." That was 'way back in the wet fall of 1904, I think. Rarely have I slept so well as during that musico-religious cyclopædia and cyclorama of Buddhism-Shintoism-Christianism-Talmudism-Eddyism-and-Round-tableism.

There were other works of his which kept me awake and in their day were considered the *ne plus ultra* of opera. But we have since had many that were at least more *ultra*—not to say *outré*. But I still recall the thrill with which my young soul used to drink in such of Wagner's operas as "The Flying Frenchman," "Anneheuser," "Lohensegg," "The Rhine Girl," "The Walkover," "Mr. Singer," "Sick Fred," and "The G—d—Ring."

It is a pity that the younger generation has so few opportunities to hear the old masters.



"FUNNY THING—THIS FELLOW ONLY SINGS ON AFTERNOONS!"



## MEASURING THE HEIR-APPARENT

Uncle Sam: BEATS ALL HOW THAT YOUNGEST BOY'S GROWING. EVERYBODY'S REMARKING IT. AND HE'S NEVER BEEN PAMPERED OR CODDLED, EITHER.

—Wilshire's Magazine.

*Life prints the above cut for educational purposes. The most respectable New York dailies seldom allude to Socialism. Unless this picture is lying to us, the Socialist boy is not only growing, but will soon beat the other boys.*

When we had one opera house we heard nothing but Wagner. Between two stools he falls to the ground. The success of the revival of "Tristram and Yseult," however, may lead to further revivals. Mr. Mahler is a remarkably fine bandmaster and is not unmindful of Wagner's own dictum in his essay on Conducting, that "the conductor should squeeze the last drop of blood from each sustained tone."

The part of *Yseult*, the Irish lady (who was characteristically descended from an Irish king, characteristically crossed the water, and characteristically created a stir in her new home), was taken with

great distinction by Miss Olive Fremstad, who was born in the Scandinavian city, Minneapolis, and who played the title role in "Salome" last year during its entire run of one consecutive performances.

In utter contrast with the Wagnerian pen, and yet in fundamental sympathy with it, is the latest triumph of Mr. Hammerstein's opera house, "Louise." This opera, like "Tristram and Yseult," and so many other dramatic works, is based on the theme which has actuated human drama from the plot of "Paradise Lost" to "Why Girls Leave Home." The answer is always the same: the serpent gets



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN - 07.

IF TAKEN AT HER WORD BY ALL THE MEN TO WHOM SHE PROMISED TO BE A SISTER

in over the garden wall and is not allowed to stay.

"Louise" is as French as France and as Parisian as Paris. The music is not memorable as music, but it is very effective as a background and as giving wings to the words. The dialogue, the characterization and the profound verity of the opera lift it to the rank of the masterpieces. The plot is familiar. It is the old story of the young man outside and the great city outside calling the young girl away from the boredom and poverty of a humble home. It is high tragedy when she leaves her broken-hearted parents, but one feels that it would have been a deeper tragedy had she stayed. The last scene shows the ugly living-room and kitchen of the workman's home, the father dog-tired and sick, the mother pottering away at the dishes and pans, and the girl—the girl sitting in her little bedroom and trying to sew. Outside is moonlight, the music of the city streets, the laughter of youth and its song. Who can expect her to resist the "cry of Paris?" The story is as old as Nineveh and as new as signalling to Mars.

Charpentier, who wrote both words and music, has touched the universal chord. The opera is nobly sung at the Manhattan and he would be a fanatic

critic who would complain of any detail in such general perfection as that shown in acting and singing by the four principals: Dalmores as the artist-lover, Bressler-Gianoli as the mother, Gilibert as the father, and Mary Garden as the girl *Louise*. Gilibert's interpretation places him among the greatest acting singers of our generation. Miss Garden sang better than before and gave a perfect presentation of the perky little grisette with her straight-front, sudden-hip, plebeian refinements. It was the tragedy of the wren, as it should be. But to the wren, a wren's troubles are as great as an eagle's yearnings to an eagle. Four gills of vinegar will make a poor little pint measure run over, and, after all, that is as much as one hundred and fifty gallons can do to a hogshead.

THE wind bloweth where it Owen Wistereth.

#### Gold

"AND what has been done to improve conditions?" queried the Man from Mars.

"Oh, a great many things," replied the Guide, "but most important of all, numerous millions of gold have been brought from abroad."

"How does that help?"

"Of course, you could not be expected to understand such a recondite and peculiarly human proposition. The presence of gold acts like magic. Nothing can go wrong if gold is near."

"Yes, but the people cannot eat or wear gold or burn it for fuel," continued the Man from Mars.

"Oh, no; but its presence has a reassuring effect."

"Yes, but how do the people get hold of this gold? You say many men are out of work. What good does it do them?"

"The people do not get hold of it. Of course, you cannot be expected to understand. The gold is just loaned to us by foreigners. We will send it back when the people have sufficiently feasted their eyes."

"And in the meantime?"

"Oh, in the meantime, things will work themselves out regardless."

"And after that?"

"Oh, after that, confidence in some new thimblerrigging proposition will be instilled into the people."

"Thank you," said the Man from Mars. "It is as clear as mud."

Ellis O. Jones.



# AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

## NOTHING WANTING

"Round about him (the Kaiser, at the Guildhall) were gathered the wealth, the intellect, the beauty, and the aldermen and common councillors of London."—*London Daily Express*.

HENRY E. DIXEY, the actor, was talking about the terrific fight that occurred recently on an Atlantic liner between two fat and elderly poker players. "It seems," said Mr. Dixey, with a smile, "that the first man lost thirteen hundred dollars to the second and paid up. The second then lost seventeen hundred and fifty dollars to the first, and refused to pay up. No wonder there was a fight, eh? If this sort of thing keeps up, the smoking-room morals of a liner will fall as low as the gambling-room morals of Tin Can. A tenderfoot once visited Tin Can and watched with interest the poker play. From saloon to saloon he passed. Everything was wide open, and very gay and lively. But as he looked on at a poker game that had no limit, the tenderfoot suddenly frowned. He had seen the dealer slip himself four aces from the bottom of the pack. 'Gracious powers,' whispered the tenderfoot, excitedly clutching the sleeve of the man next to him, 'did you notice that?' 'Notice what?' asked the other. 'Why, that scoundrel in the red shirt just dealt himself four aces.' The other looked at the tenderfoot calmly. 'Well, wasn't it his deal?' he said."—*Independent*.

## GLORIA

Loud was the cannon's roar  
As down the harbor  
Came the Mayflower,  
And echoed from shore to shore  
The guns of the battle fleet.

Down on the shore,  
As the fleet sailed out,  
A wond'ring child inquired:  
"Why are the boats all going out,  
And why have the guns been fired?"

Slowly the old man stroked his beard  
And said:  
"In field or forum  
All things are done  
Ad Theodorum!"

—*New York Sun*.

## A LEGITIMATE APPLICATION

Miss Estabrook's system of philosophy is so satisfying to her that she likes to acquaint others with it. Seldom, however, does she find so ready and sympathetic an acceptance of her point of view as she encountered the other day in an adherent of a well-known peripatetic school of philosophers. She was taking her regular four-mile-a-day exercise along a country road, when she met a tramp to whom, earlier in the day, she had given a quarter. The benevolent lady called after him:

"Just a moment, there, my man, if you please!"

The tramp paused doubtfully.

"I merely wished to state that in granting your request just now I am wholly free from the common delusion that any real harm could result to you, even supposing that you are actually in want and unable, by your own conscious effort, to extricate yourself from apparent deprivation of good, knowing, as I do know, that an absolute justice, insuring the individual's welfare, reigns throughout the cosmos."

The tramp stared, round-eyed, open-mouthed.

"Nor do I cherish any obsolete notion of myself as a 'Lady Bountiful.' My actual motive in giving the quarter should properly be classed as 'selfish.' Not having as yet quite fully overcome a foolishly sympathetic temperament, I should undoubtedly—if I had not given the money—have been annoyed for some time afterward by mental pictures of you as suffering for food. In short, I did what I did simply to make myself slightly more comfortable."

"That is all. I merely wished to explain my motive," added Miss Estabrook; for the tramp lingered, gazing with glistening eyes at the countenance of his benefactress, where the lines, with merciless accuracy, reflected her habitual painstakingness.

"Yes, ma'am, an' I ketch on all right—now," he said, eagerly, in his eye no such absent expression as Miss Estabrook is becoming accustomed to see in the eyes of relatives and friends to whom she conscientiously expounds her philosophy. "An' I'm interested in them inside workin's o' your mind! But say, ma'am, you'd sure oughter think a little mite more about them feelin's o' yourn. I bet you'd feel downright comfortable all through, for oncet in yer life, ef you'd jest make this quarter a dollar."—*Youth's Companion*.

## ONE WOMAN'S WISDOM

HER HUSBAND: My dear, how did you happen to employ such a pretty nurse girl?

HIS WIFE: I didn't happen to do it. I did it because I wanted the children to have police protection when they are in the park or on the street.—*Chicago News*.



"THAT WAS AGAINST THE RULE"

## PLAYING FOR REPUTATION

"Did you win on yesterday's game?"

"Won fifty dollars."

"I lost just that much."

"So did I. You see, by betting both ways you win a reputation as a judge of form or as a good loser, and in either case you're a sport."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"I AM very sorry to hear, Captain Salter, that your wife left you so unceremoniously."

"My mistake, sir. I took her for a mate and she proved to be a skipper."—*Current Literature*.

MR. GOODLIE: My boy, you'd never hear me use language like that!

THE KID: I bet you don't! Why, it took me five years to learn all dem words.—*The Sketch*.

ATTACKS on the President now include a defense by Tom Lawson.—*Chicago Post*.

## ALWAYS UNFORTUNATE

Here I stand within the hall;  
For the elevator bawl.  
With a frown.  
"Going up?" I loudly cry.  
And the urchin makes reply:  
"Going down."

Here you see me buying stocks,  
Hoping to acquire both rocks  
And renown.  
"Going up?" I loudly say;  
But my broker answers: "Nay;  
Going down."

When old Charon I shall meet,  
Looking mystical, but neat,  
In his gown—  
"Going up?" I'll murmur low,  
And he'll doubtless answer "No;  
Going down."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

## WHAT STRUCK HIM

An inquiring lady, known to a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, recently asked a private soldier to tell her some of his experiences in war.

Tommy, who was Irish, tried to get out of it by saying that nothing had ever happened to him, but the lady was persistent. "Something *must* have happened," she declared. "Now tell me, in all your experiences in South Africa, what was it that struck you most?"

"Well, ma'am," said Tommy, after some cogitation, "it was that shtruck me most was th' number of bullets that missed me."

ONE cold, wintry morning a man of tall and angular build was walking down a steep hill at a quick pace. A piece of ice under the snow caused him to lose control of his feet; he began to slide and was unable to stop. At a crossing half way down he encountered a large, heavy woman. The meeting was sudden, and before either realized it a collision ensued and both were sliding down hill, the thin man underneath, the fat woman on top. When the bottom was reached and the woman was trying to recover her breath and her feet, these faint words were borne to her ear: "Pardon me, madam, but you will have to get up here. This is as far as I go."—*Argonaut*.

## A NATURE FAKE

"What's this?" yelled the star. "Green snow? I won't stand for it."

"You'll have to," retorted the manager. "White paper is as high that I told the property man to tear up a few stock certificates."—*Pittsburg Post*.

"THE population of China," announced the school teacher impressively, "is so vast that two Chinamen die at every breath we take."

The small boy was an Imperialist, and his father had pronounced views on the question of alien immigration, so this piece of news impressed him hugely.

Shortly afterwards, he was observed to be turning purple to the face, and puffing like an overburdened steam engine.

"What's the matter? What are you doing?" asked the inadequately paid instructor of youth, anxiously.

"Killin' Chinamen," grunted the patriot.—*Sporting Times*.

## IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

MAYOR: Where are you going?

VILLAGE CONSTABLE: The three tramps I just locked up want to play whist and I'm looking for a fourth!—*Translated from Transatlantic Tales from Fliegende Blätter*.

MR. CARL HESS, the broker whose mind is always full of business, was asked a few days ago how old his father was.

"Well," said he, abstractedly, "he's quoted at eighty, but there is every prospect that he will reach par and possibly be at a premium."—*Philippine Gossip*.

A GEORGIA paper says: "He who rides on the rail costs death." It was an Irishman, ridden on a rail, who said that except for the honor of the thing he would just as soon walk.—*Houston Post*.

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# Virtues Unseen

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But purity is a hidden virtue most conspicuous in its after-effects. Without it a beer may still be good to the taste.

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### WILLIE'S WISH

I wish that Luther Burbank,  
Who gives old Nature points,  
Would just get up a gobbler  
All made of second joints.

—Harper's Weekly.

### A DISTINCTION

A journalist at a dinner was talking to William Dean Howells about literary fame.

"But, after all," said Mr. Howells, with his gentle smile, "literary fame is not so very highly regarded by the people, is it? I remember when I was in San Remo some years ago seeing in a French newspaper a notice that bears upon this question.

"It was a notice inserted by a rat-trap maker of Lyons, and it said:

"To Whom It May Concern—M. Pierre Loti, of Lyons, inventor of the automatic rat-trap, begs to state that he is not the same person, and that he has nothing in common, with one Pierre Loti, a writer."—Washington Star.

As to Round the World travel—

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### THRICE!

Cæsar had thrice refused the crown.

"And I didn't demand the right to pick my successor, either," he boasted.

Thus we see that ancient rulers were modest.—New York Sun.

WILLIAM JAMES, the famous psychologist of Harvard, said at a dinner in Boston:

"An odor often recalls to us a childhood scene. A voice brings back memories that we had thought buried forever. As we regard some strange landscape, it often seems to us that we have been just here before. The oddest, the most momentous associations oftentimes attach themselves to the most trifling things.

"Thus, at a Thanksgiving dinner that I once attended, the hostess said to a sour-faced man on her left:

"May I help you to some of the boiled rice, Mr. Smith?"

"Rice? No, thank you; no rice for me," Smith answered, vehemently. "It is associated with the worst mistake of my life."—Rochester Herald.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—Booklet.

A PHILANTHROPIC Cleveland man heard the other day of a family down in the flats that was in extreme need of financial aid.

He made a trip down to the poor, miserably furnished home and found that the family was, indeed, having a struggle to get enough to eat.

He pulled three five-dollar bills out of his wallet and handed them to the gaunt, half-starved-looking mother and told her to take it and spend it as she thought best.

A few days later he returned to see how the family were getting along. All the members in sight still looked poorly fed.

"Did you buy some groceries with that fifteen dollars," he asked.

"Well, no," said the woman, with some hesitation, "you see it was the first time we had had so much money all at once, and it looked like such a good chance that we each went up and had a dozen cabinet photographs taken."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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### LUCKY BY COMPARISON

BUNCUM: I see by the papers that you have made an assignment for the benefit of your creditors?

SKINNER: Yes; my affairs are in a bad shape. I won't be able to pay ten cents on the dollar.

"You're a lucky dog. Why, when I failed two years ago I had so much property left that I had to pay fifty cents on the dollar."—Chicago News.

THE MILLIONAIRE: Henri, fetch a car, at once!

THE CHAUFFEUR: Which one, sir?

(Astounded): "You don't mean to say, Henri, you have more than one out of the repair shop?"—Wasp.

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## We Gladly Print the Following:

In justice both to *The Smart Set* and the author, Edmund Vance Cooke, will you kindly publish a paragraph stating that the poem, "Otto's Auto," which you quote in your issue of January 2d, with credit given to *Tit-Bits*, originally appeared in this magazine? The verses have been so frequently quoted that no doubt their original identity has been lost. Very sincerely yours,  
CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

### Common Prudence

A TEACHER in a downtown school has for her pupils the children of Russian parents. The other day she was explaining a sum in subtraction which the little ones found difficult to understand.

"Now," said she, to exemplify the proposition, "suppose I had ten dollars and went into a store to spend it. Say I bought a hat for five dollars. Then I spent two dollars for gloves, and a dollar and fifty cents for some other things. How much did I have left?"

For a moment there was dead silence. Then a boy's hand went up.

"Well, Isaac, how much did I have left?"

"Vy didn't you count your change?" said Isaac, in a disgusted tone.—*Woman's Home Companion*.



THE SINCEREST FLATTERY

### What Writers Say of Women

NO MAN has yet discovered the means of giving successfully friendly advice to women.—*Balzac*.

Woman is an overgrown child that one amuses with toys, intoxicates with flattery, and seduces with promises.—*Sophie Arnould*.

Women are never stronger than when they arm themselves with their weakness.—*Mme. du Deffand*.

A man should choose for a wife only such a woman as he would choose for a friend, were she a man.—*Joubert*.

A coquette is more occupied with the homage we refuse her than with what we bestow upon her.—*Dupuy*.

When a woman pronounces the name of a man but twice a day, there may be some doubt as to the nature of her sentiments, but three times!—*Balzac*.

An asp would render its sting more venomous by dipping it into the heart of a coquette.—*Poincelot*.

A light wife doth make a heavy husband.—*Shakespeare*.

A pretty woman's worth some pains to see.—*Browning*.

Friend, beware of fair maidens! When their tenderness begins, our servitude is near.—*Victor Hugo*.

Between a woman's "yes" and "no" I would not venture to stick a pin.—*Cervantes*.

### Marvels of Arithmetic

TWO and two make four. This is a platitude.

Two and two make three. This is demagogism.

Two and two make 150. This is high finance.—*Washington Herald*.

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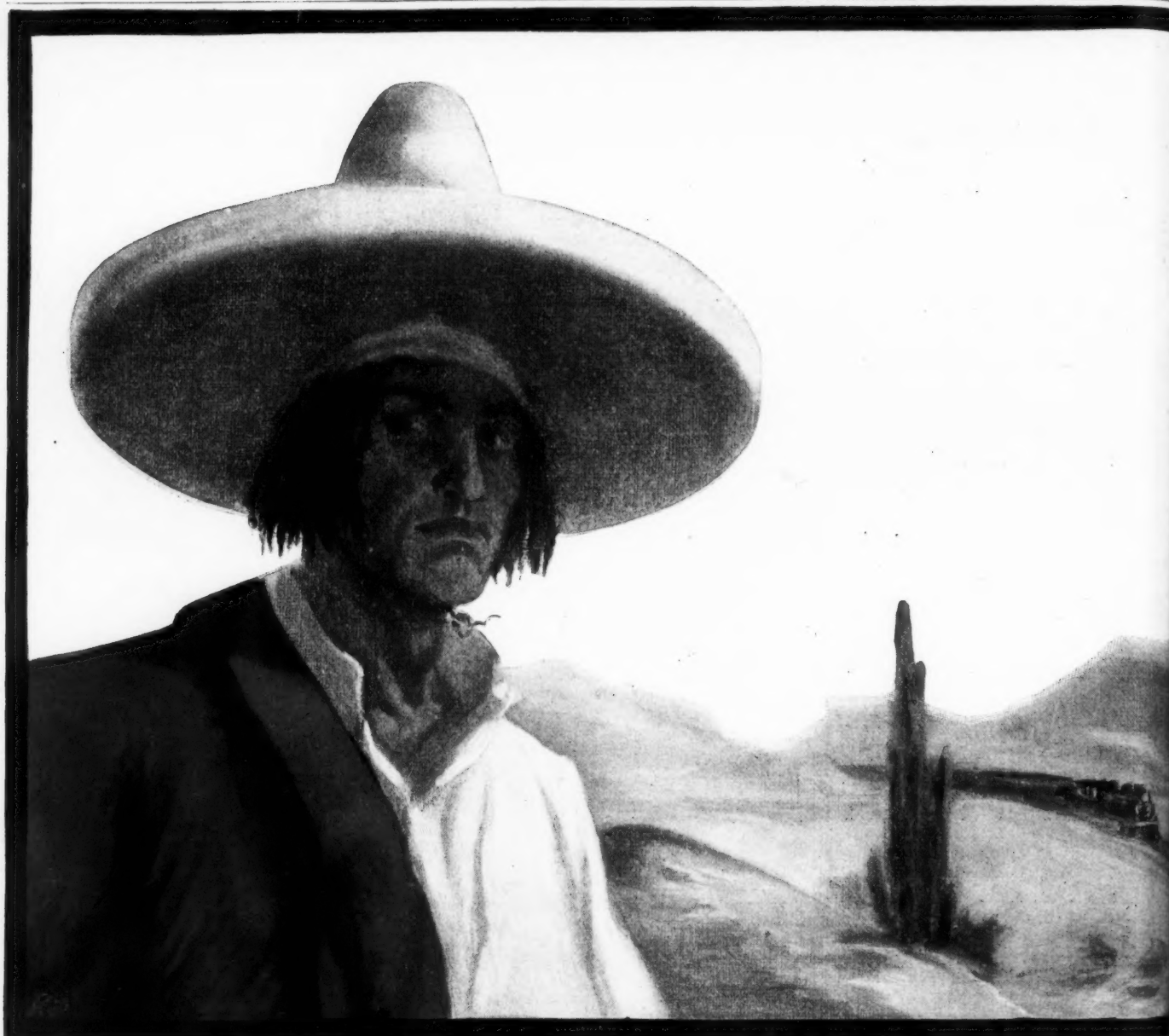
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